

The Toike Oike

Devoted to the interests of the Undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science.

Published Every Now and Then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

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EDITORIAL

This little journal of ours has been a very stereotyped thing. Thus it is not without some trepidation that the Toike Oike Staff present this issue for your approval. It contains some novel innovations never before attempted in our School publication. Needless to say, this issue has entailed more work than the usual, and the great success of the edition is due to the untiring efforts of the staff and the good co-operation of the School Nite Committee.

PARADISE FOUND

For those romantically and maybe matrimonially inclined, dancing has been arranged in the dark recesses of the little upper gymnasium. The music from the Band located in the Big Gym will be broadcast to loud speakers in the upper gym. If you are dancing in a crowded room just meander to this place. You would likely wander there anyway.

CLUB NOTES

CIVIL CLUB NEWS

Due to the numerous class functions it has been almost impossible to make satisfactory arrangements for a Club Smoker. However, the parties seem to be slackening a little, as everybody gets rested for the final "binge." And so within two weeks we hope to have another smoker, even more successful than the last one.

At this point the annual Club Dinner might be mentioned. As far as can be determined at present, it will be held sometime in the latter part of February. This is one event that all members of the Club should make it a point to attend. In the past they have always been a big success, but it requires the support of everybody to really put it over.

Well, see you at School Nite.

DUNCAN R. MCQUEEN, *Chairman*.

MECHANICAL CLUB

On Wednesday, January 20th, the Mechanical Club held its Second Cigarette Consuming Competition in the Debates Room at Hart House.

Mr. W. H. Clark came clean from Montreal (so he claims—and the first one too, says we) to give an instructive talk on the design of Mechanical Stokers. At this meeting a motion was put forward by a Freshman, that the Club be henceforth called the Robot Club since it was composed entirely of Mechanical men.

This motion was defeated because a report had been circulated that Annesley Hall was on fire and a quorum could not be found.

At this time we wish to announce that in the near future the Mechanical Club intends to hold an At-Home to stimulate interest in the Club and to get the members better acquainted.

Here it is . . . dancing 9 till 2 . . . approximate date—Wednesday, February 10 . . . Jean Fogarty's Orchestra . . . price ??? well, you won't believe it . . . eighty cents per couple. There will be announcements later and signs posted—watch for them!

W. H. BOWES, *Chairman*.

ELECTRICAL CLUB

The Electrical Club is charging right along at a great frequency. In three weeks' time the sparks are sure going to fly when the Club has their Dance at the Embassy Club. Check your resistance and reserve a few spare amperes for a big evening. Watch and wait for further notice.

J. E. BOYLE, *Chairman*.

THE MINING AND

METALLURGICAL CLUB

On Thursday, January 14th, a very successful dinner was held by the Club at the Diet Kitchen. A suitable room was obtained on the second floor and a large number attended. After a sumptuous repast, we listened to a very interesting and instructive talk by Mr. Hibbert on his mining experiences in Russia. His stories about overcoming difficulties in out-of-the-way places, the Kirghiz and their horsemanship were all very enlightening. An open discussion was held after Mr. Hibbert's address and was participated in by all. Several downtown mining men and some of our own Professors were present at the head table, and as usual "answered all questions" and contributed greatly to the success of the dinner.

Next month it is proposed to hold another dinner. Announcements concerning it will be forthcoming about the first week of February.

B. S. CROCKER, *Chairman*.

THE ENGINEERING INSTITUTE OF CANADA

The Annual General and Professional Meeting of the Engineering Institute of Canada is this year being held in Toronto at the Royal York Hotel on February 3rd, 4th and 5th. A very interesting programme of papers and visits to points of interest has been arranged and a cordial invitation is extended to all students who may be able to do so to participate in these events. A smoker has also been arranged for February 3rd, and a dinner and dance for February 4th.

Membership is open to students of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering and a considerable number have already availed themselves of the opportunity. The Institute is doing valuable work in promoting the professional interests of its members, and is raising the profession in public esteem by the enforcement of uniform and high requirements for admission, these being based on sound principles of education and training. This policy has been pursued steadily by successive Councils of the Institute, and its result has been to make corporate membership in the Institute a recognized indication of professional and technical standing, which is in effect not only all over the Dominion, but also in Great Britain and the United States.

Applications for admission and full particulars may be obtained from Mr. W. S. Wilson, Mining Building.

SHADES OF THE PAST

GREAT INVENTION UNVEILED

Dear Friends:

How many times have we heard it said, "Be yourself." How many times have we longed to be anything else but ourselves? How many times have we dreamed of great and romantic figures and imagined ourselves in such a rôle? At last modern science has achieved the seemingly impossible, and has brought us one of its latest and greatest achievements.

No longer must we merely sit and imagine. Our dreams become realities and in one simple operation we are transported on the wings of our fancies to the golden land of make-believe. And all through one simple little discovery, the secret of which has eluded some of the greatest minds of the age.

It cannot be called an invention for its existence has always been known, though the ways of nature are strange and the secret has been well kept. Of course the device is still in its infancy and will need a great many improvements. However, that remains to be seen.

Before applying for a patent on his machine, the inventor has kindly consented to test it for the benefit of the students of Science. Two demonstrations will be given in the Reading Room of Hart House on January 26 at 8.45 and 9.15 p.m., and the meeting will be open only to those who are genuinely interested in the latest developments.

Since fixing the time and place of the demonstrations, we have discovered that they correspond with those set for the Second Year Skit at School Nite, but the whole of 3T4 have kindly vacated in favour of such an extraordinary event, and in fact have promised to turn out in full force to protect the inventor from any interference.

We sincerely hope you will take advantage of this unusual opportunity to see Science at its best.

Yours truly,

COLONEL SOUP-LADDLE.

SNIP !

Again School shows the way to the faculties with a novel idea never before attempted at any University function. A snappy silhouette cutter will be located in the rotunda midway up the East Stairway by the Machine Gun. As it is impossible for everyone to have their profile pictured, Lady Luck is introducing her element of chance. Numbers will be posted in the Big Gym of those who have won the draw to pose. Look for a number on your programme.

THE EAST ALCOVE

Tradition again wills the occupancy of this desirable location to the Industrial Chemical Club. All wares will be sold under positive chemical control (as well as remote control). Don't fail to see "Anna," the synthetic phosphorescent elephant.

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a part in it. After a great deal of negotiation with the authorities at Hart House, the Engineering Society was successful in having the old rules of Hart House broken down to the extent that they were granted the use of the theatre, which had never been allowed before to such an organization, and permission was given for ladies to attend this informal function.

Practically every man in the School of Science was assigned some duties, and by the time the night arrived most complete entertainment was adequately organized. Two performances of a burlesque musical show were given in the Hart House Theatre. The show was called the "Shriek" after a moving picture which was very popular at that time. The female characters, including chorus, were carefully chosen from men who had moustaches and other hirsute adornments. There was dancing in the Great Hall and both the upper and lower gymnasiums. There was no charge for anything. This was accomplished by making a deal with the "Meds" and "Dents," who had orchestras, that our orchestra would play at one of their functions free if they would play at ours.

In each of the rooms along the halls and in the halls themselves there was a wide variety of midway attractions, including Wild West shows, freaks of nature, mysterious mind readers and many other attractions which made up in noise and action what they lacked in skill and artistry.

Refreshments consisted of hot dogs and coffee, which were available to all from 10 o'clock on.

The whole evening was free and the total cost to the Engineering Society was approximately \$100, which was practically all for food, as every means was taken to secure free materials and entertainers. The boys themselves did all the work in connection with building the various stands, stages, checking coats, etc. These jobs were looked after in shifts so that the girls accompanying them received some attention.

It was without question the best social event of our school years and we had the gratitude of seeing it copied in principal immediately by arts, medicine and dentistry.

SCHOOL NITE RESTRICTIONS

SHAKE WELL AND QUAFF ON ARRIVAL

There comes a time in the life of every young man (and especially every young woman) when he must attune his mind to the aesthetic, the infinite, the higher inspirations of life, and at the same time raise himself from his slothfulness and common vulgarities of the every day.

Prepare yourself thusly:-

1. Doze as much as possible all day Tuesday, concentrating on "Life—its futility, if and why not."

2. When you call for your young (?) lady (???), place her immediately in a state of coma by telling her that you have seen the first Robin of spring and are undergoing strange feelings.

3. On arrival, bring her immediately to the Debates Room, assuring her as she enters that she will hear nothing that her mother has not already told her.

You are now both in the proper state of sanity to appreciate the humble offering of the School men, the finest talent they can provide. You will witness a bevy of masculinity that will set you both afire. You will listen to simple quips, prosaic melody and a flow of thought that will immediately put you in 37th heaven, Apt. X.

There will be a series of small morsels, having absolutely no connection, no point, and nothing to do with the war debt. And dare I mention that exquisite cutie transported all the way from the Bimbo Islands? She will initiate you into the manner by which a Bimbo maid makes herself attractive—with motions.

I can add no more. Your eyes will tell you all. I implore you lastly, "Come late and avoid your best friends."

Here endeth my lay.

GIGADIER BRINDLE.

BURP !

TEN NIGHTS IN A BUNKHOUSE

Elsewhere in this issue you will read an account of the experiences of the Third Year Civils and Miners at Survey Camp this fall. In the Music Room this evening at 8.45 and 9.15 they are presenting (for your approval) an authentic reproduction of an actual evening's events in the Camp Bunkhouse. Of course you will appreciate that they have to work under great difficulties (there being a Board of Censors, no Gull Lake to throw people into, etc.)

The room will be crowded, the skit will be rotten, the gulls will be thick (and we don't supply umbrellas), but come up to the Music Room anyway and throw eggs with the rest of the crowd.

CHIEF YAPPIOTTA.

A LA BATH

MERMEN MAKE MERRY

Here you will see the wives of the mysterious Mr. X and Mr. Y in person. During the visit of Messrs. X and Y to Montreal, their wives quarrelled over that vivacious Secretary Miss Z. After much persuasion they have decided to settle it for the benefit of their public at School Nite. When and how, they won't disclose, but we imagine it will be worth seeing.

The junior and senior School water polo teams are putting on an exhibition game, and as both these teams are leading their respective groups, it will be a close match. At half time there will be a skit put on by Johnny Goss and Helen.

The pool is always crowded, so be there at 9.45 p.m. sharp to be sure of a seat behind one of the pillars. Bring your opera glasses or lorgnettes.

MAMIE THE MERMAID.

A SCIENTIST'S CREED

Fools may sing of hearts and love
And eyes and cheeks and hair,
Write sonnets to a woman's glove,
And swear her wondrous fair.
Bah! She's an artificial thing,
All powder, paint and lipstick,
But harken to the song I sing—
All hail my love, the slipstick.

Women are babbling all the time
Of dates and drinks and dresses,
Which wouldn't help at all when I'm
Computing torques and stresses.
It conquers without fear or doubt
Whole hosts of sines and surds,
And helps me work in peace without
An avalanche of words.

Slide rules are always accurate
And women never so;
And while they're not affectionate,
They never answer "No!"
So, hence, with women's wanton way,
With eyebrows, lips, and curls,
My little duplex polyphase
Is worth a dozen girls.

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Evenings saw the gang gathered 'round the Colemans dashing off letters to those they left behind, playing poker, or sewing enough buttons on their breeches to keep them waist high. Those of the gang who showed a leaning towards music leaned on the piano and sang. Gull Lake's own Singing Fool, Tommy Carbone, never failed to get a hand for his superb rendition of "Lonesome Lover."

On balmy evenings the more naughty-gal engineers took to the canoes and woe betide any sea-going female who chanced along. Speaking of sea-going females reminds me that this year's leather medal for bravery and prompt action goes to Thompson and Stevens (half a medal each) for dragging two dripping beauties from the briny when their gondola did a submarine.

Whiskers were the order of the day until one of the lads stepped on his beard and fell over a cliff with a transit on his shoulder. Just before he gave up the ghost he was heard to mutter, "Dear mother, it's a Berger." And now Schultz is dead.

The call of the night life of Minden was strong and canoe after canoe toiled up the tortuous Gull River so that the rows of hardy men in hob-nailed boots, flannel shirts and breeks might stand up to the counter and toss off their Coca Colas in true northern style.

The town barber turned out some really original haircuts such as are never seen around the campus. He is deserving of a better place in the sun.

Weeks of training culminated in the regatta and the event was bigger and better than ever. Ted Fell won the canoe tilting without getting his pants wet. The canoe fours was a noble effort with a grand finish. The war punt event looked like a galley scene from "Ben Hur." Needless to say, the Civilians won the Regatta.

This year, after much discussion about the particulars, a new event was tried out—a cross county canoe race. The five mile course was a tough one and the contestants hadn't worked so hard since they swatted for exams last time. Hardy Elson and Kelly Howe turned in a noble effort to win the event with a time that won't soon be beaten.

After the regatta the bunkhouse was decked up for the big dance. Odds and ends of clothing were tucked away, the floor was swept and powdered, and the season's big social event got under way, to the soft music of Addy and His Boys. Mrs. Minto threw up a noble feed and plenty of handsome waiters were in attendance. During the evening the Toronto boys gave the locals a treat and showed them a class of square dancing such as has never before been seen in those parts. Bert Tyson, who dropped in for the week-end, did the honours by calling off.

And then the boys finally got down to a little serious studying for their saps. Night after night they gathered around the Coleman lamps in Stewart Hall to catch moths and ponder on the mysteries of higher knowledge. Then came the exams and the six weeks was over.

The last night in camp will remain a bright spot in the memory of many a "forty beers man" for years to come. Just after everybody finally fell asleep, Minto and son roused the slumbering bunkhouse for breakfast, there was a last minute bustle as lads tucked their toothbrushes, their dunnage bags and gathered their stuff together. The overdue truck finally arrived and started off, loaded the ears with a pretty rough assortment of men and baggage only to get stuck on the road out of camp, but finally roared into Guelph with its load in time to make the daily train,—and what a train. But the conductor's heart (or his stomach) was in the right place and helped to make the trip a success.

Many a touching parting took place along the way as the fellows went their ways until a final few were seen straggling off the train at the Toronto Union. Conspicuous among these was none other than Stan Smith clad in khaki shorts and sweater and sporting the meanest rel belt I seen in Toronto in many a year.

And thus Survey Camp ended for another year, leaving behind as its contribution to camp life some of the most remarkable plumbing ever evolved by embryo engineers—a drain that wouldn't drain.



FIREPLACE SCENE IN BUNKHOUSE AT SURVEY CAMP.

(Continued from Page 1)
is pacing the hall below like a meditative Mickey Mouse. With a last glance of approval in the glass, she descends the stairs.

Algernon (Surveying her critically): "Well, I guess the wait was worth it."

Melanie (simply): "Thank you."

Algernon: "I mean I think you look simply grand"

Melanie: "I'm flattered,—and how are you?"

Algernon: "Wonderful now, (thoughtfully)—you are very dangerous."

Melanie: "Probably."

Algernon: "Why?"

Melanie: "Because —"

Algernon: "Because what?"

Melanie (histrionically): "The great because of women."

Algernon (practically): "Want a drink to start on?"

Melanie: "No."

Algernon: "Why not?"

Melanie: "Because."

Algernon: "Not again?"

Melanie: "Dont interrupt,—I don't drink."

Algernon (gallantly): "Nevertheless, fair maiden, I think you're wonderful."

Melanie: "That's the trouble with Schoolmen—only one idea at a time."

Algernon: "You don't want me to think you're wonderful?"

Melanie (with a smile): "Are we going to this party or are we not?"

Algernon (fretfully, as he picks up hat): "You're always avoiding the ife."

They have arrived in time for one kit and are dancing in the Big Gym. In the shuffle Melanie has drawn a tall young man with a broad forehead and a nice brown moustache. They dance in silence.

Melanie (conversationally): "The music's nice, isn't it?"

Tall Young man: "Yes, but as a matter of fact they're not as good as the Wright Brothers. Did you hear them at the Grads' Ball?"

Melanie: "Hear who?"

Tall Young Man: "The Wright Brothers on New Year's Eve."

Melanie: "Oh the band, yes (af a pause)—they were hot."

Tall Young Man: "I'll say."

Melanie: "I like them better than Romanelli."

Tall Young Man: "I'll say."

Another shuffle and Melanie is in the arms of a boy with a broad grin and a jet black pompadour.

Boy: "Gad, you dance marvellously."

Melanie: "That's because I'm dancing with you."

Boy: "Where have you been all these years?"

Melanie: "Trying to make you notice me."

Boy: "Will you step out with me to-morrow night?"

Melanie (lying glibly): "I'd love to but I'm leaving town."

Boy: "You are going to leave me, now that I've found you at last?"

Melanie: "I'm afraid so."

Boy: "Damn you."

Melanie: "Why?"

Boy: "You make me fall, then leave me." (He stares at her intently.)

Melanie: "What is the matter?"

Boy: "What would you do if I kissed you?"

Melanie: "I should probably laugh."

Boy: "That's the first time a girl told me that."

Melanie: "Don't boast."

Time has rescued Melanie and now she and Algernon are sitting out watching the soft lights ripple on the surface of the pool.

Algernon: "You are marvellous tonight, darling."

Melanie (not to be outdone): "So are you." (They look at each other.)

Algernon (catching hold of her chin): "I want to kiss you."

Melanie: "Please, this is so sudden."

Algernon: "What a cute little mouth you have."

Melanie: "It's big."

Algernon: "You must taste very good."

Melanie: "Don't talk like a cannibal."

Algernon: "Can't you be serious, let's fall in love."

Melanie: "I don't feel like it."

Algernon (slightly annoyed): "Shall I call again next week?"

Melanie ignores this and gazes pensively into the shadow.

Algernon (musingly): "The pool is very quiet to-night—and gentle. Look how tenderly it rocks those empty gin bottles in its bosom. Why can't you be like that?"

Melanie: "You're too thin to be a gin bottle."

Algernon: "And you're too beautiful to be so cruel."

Melanie (eyeing him quizzically): "You talk like an architect."

Algernon (with emphasis): "You inspire me."

Melanie (indignantly): "Do I look like a building?"

Algernon: "Like the Taj Mahal by moonlight—only thinner." (He leans towards her masterfully.) "Darling, why must you tantalize me so?"

Melanie (enjoying herself): "It's rather fun."

Algernon (dejected): "Oh!"

Melanie (quickly sensing a tactical error): "I mean it's fun to have you talk like that."

Algernon (reviving immediately): "Then I'll demand proof. I will no longer be trifled with, you delicious rogue; and if you love me, you'll do my bidding."

Melanie (mockingly): "Yes, mister."

Algernon (fervently): "Four weeks, three days from this very instant, under dimmed and coloured lights, the smartest of women, in the arms of superlative partners are swaying to the delicious melody of the Wright Brothers' subtle syncopation. It's the School At-Home at the Royal York Hotel on Friday, February 26, 1932. It won't be complete without me and I can't be complete without you. Darling, be mine, just for that night."

Melanie (nodding happily): "SCHOOL AT-HOME . . WRIGHT BROTHERS . . ROYAL YORK . . LEAVEN."

Algernon: "Where do I come in."

Melanie (smiling up at him): "February 26."

TAKE HER TO THE

SCHOOL AT-HOME

ROYAL YORK HOTEL, FRIDAY FEBRUARY 26

Wright Brothers' Orchestra!



J. A. Ketchen.

W. S. Smith.

W. B. Brown.

J. E. Thom.

J. G. Powell.

E. A. Black.

J. A. Fisher, Chairman.

Committee

Mrs. W. S. Wilson.

Mrs. W. J. T. Wright.

Mrs. T. R. Loudon.

Patronesses

DIRECTORY

<i>Event</i>	<i>Location</i>	<i>Time</i>
Gull Lake Skit	Music Room	8.45 & 9.15
Sophomore Skit	Reading Room	8.45 & 9.15
Albino Minstrel Show..	Debates Room	8.45 & 9.15
Swimming Skit	Swimming Pool	9.45
Silhouette Cutting	East Stairway	10.30 to 12.30
Ye Olde Drug Store..	East Rotunda	
First Supper	Great Hall	10.30
Second Supper	Great Hall	11.00

DANCING

<i>Where</i>	<i>When</i>
EAST COMMON ROOM	8.00 to 8.45 10.00 to 1.00
BIG GYM	9.30 to 1.00
LITTLE GYM	"
MUSIC ROOM	10.00 to 1.00
READING ROOM	"

Music by Karl Mueller and his Varsity Entertainers.

SHOW SWEET SUSIE SUSPENDED SIGN SO SHE SHALL SEEK TO SEE
SMART SILHOUETTER'S SCISSORS SNIP SCHOOLMEN'S SNOOTY
SNOZZLES SNAPPILY

(See page 3)